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Vol 1 no 1 35c

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ARCMTL SCAN 2017

KEN NORRIS

Industrial,
You were a cutting diamond,
Hard and intent.
I was easy to pierce;
My fragile parts,
heavily touched,
Fragmented.
Your fingers were laser beams
Burning my gold skin.

Searing scars on my back and arms
Testified to our involvement.
Striped like a statued zebra,
All black and gold,
I ran for the forest
And then for the plains,
Away from your high refinement
and machinery.

The Psychiatrist

He has the personality of a troll.
Yet that makes it easier.

We war over my insides,
Divide up what gold we find,
Dismiss the rest.

Curing Cancer In Your Kitchen

For Richard Elman

It is necessary
to begin
With the proper
utensils
And a positive
state of mind.

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

Dark Victory

Feeling like Bette Davis
in the doctor's office
In Dark Victory.
The doctor is checking my perceptions,
Having me hop on one foot,
do a soft shoe shuffle.
She bangs bones & reflex points
with a rubber hammer.
She asks me
how often I get these headaches.

But the movie changes here:
she decides I don't have anything
Terminal
and even if I did
She still wouldn't marry me.
She would not give me
A final few months of joy.
I would have to find
My own way through the darkness.
I would have to find
Other answers.

Two Movies I'd Like To Forget

My mother cutting her throat open
To show me what's under the skin.

The blue arm of a dead man,
Shot by the police while driving
A getaway car, plowed into a telephone pole,
Fallen like a mound of red snow
Onto the summer street.

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

TOK KONYVES

HISTORY

It's October.
I'm dreaming of winter. Soft snow.

I begin to write
of snowdreaming in October.
I begin to write a poetic history of the cosmos.
Snowflake.
S N O W F L
A K E
Should any poem end with the letter E? Why
not?

EIGHTY CENTS CANADIAN

First a flower
then a bee
then a thistle.

along the waterfront.
early morning drizzle of warm rain.

the onlymoving thing
was the sign of the tenth percent sign.

would we bone up on philosophy?
not a chance.
one reckless year. . . so what?

I promise not to say 'fuck'
in bad company.

Diogenes said
the world is your oyster,
and I disagree.

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MAPLE GOLD

In the soft plaid mesquite
she extends her arms to me.the sun

has set.it is cool.she rolls
her spine.languors.it is evening

the sun on one side the twinkle
as a planet leaves a hole in the sky

black pin-pointed small shadows
yet these things dazzle.my ease

to lie here never break the spell
linger ing until the dark

black shadows ease into total black
I ease into her arms and

all the black is western bright
all the evening mystic indian.

I wave my hand touch green;digest
the low blossom of the earth

and she is still
by my side.nightfall.

I have crossed all barriers of shame
except one,
that one
I find unsurmontable,
I would not enjoy crossing.

I am ashamed of this little poem
that hides my secret,
but always
these poems must be.
These poems will be.

sept 28/75 Mtl.

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ARTIL GOLD

The spirit
of the
mountain
has
tried you
mayor
Jean Drapeau
and found you
mayor
jean drapeau
guilty of
violation of
the spirit of
the Mountain.

sept 28.75 Mtl.

GERRY FORD

I am waiting for the really big
crisis to hit--the one
that leaves us vegetables--daddy,

buy me this'...my wife,
likes ballet",I,encourage this,
the big blow

that when it hits
leaves us vegetables'

I,myself dabble in science
indoor greenhouse under glass
this new

species of tamatoes' which I
don't think has been grown yet

you.want to be the queen of
your 4 h club,you hear the Gardner
collection's up for

only half a million,you've always
admired it,and daddy
will buy you it;it's cultural.

the revolution
never happened.

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

[illegible] ODYSSEY

l e a v e s :

1)
```
l   e   a   v   e
s
    l   e   a   v
e   s
        l   e   a
v   e   s
            l   e
a   v   e   s
                l
e   a   v   e   s
```

2)
```
leaves
leave     s
leav    e    s
lea   v    e   s
le    a    v   e   s
l     e    a   v   e   s
```

shaman

a shaman on the back of a grizzly
the black fur a black streak
moving between the trees
then across an open grassy field
a shaman eyes blackened
hair hanging limply down over ears
& arms holding to handfuls of bearskin
he leans slightly forward
knees pressing to flanks
the grizzly face down & mouth open
a bewildered look on his face
we see the white of his teeth
we see the shaman mouth open
we see him see us
we see them disappear back into the forest
they see us disappear back into the forest

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JIM MELE

8/23

I

And in the last few months
yes I have been talking
straight at you well
at least in my own fashion.
And yes it must be
this city working, living
driving me away
from the leaps of a beach
& its home.
Yes yes yes I may
be getting closer to that
simple truth
& at what price - the sparks
of lines lost
to reason in their sense.

II

I wonder less & less
at those twists
of my life,
the logs sighted
& set down, the
cities of this Northeast,
my glossing in the
eye of a poem
& the threes
of everything I balance.

"ATTENDEZ LE FEU VERT"

Wait for the green
fire - yes it says that,
the sign
tells you hold
your ground
until poems
bobbling green flames cross
into this heart.

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NIGHT POEMS

Claudia Lapp

light out
you already into sleep
me, charged
body happy
listening to night sounds

candle out
you asleep already
i don't want to be
alone in the dark
with sound of neighbor's
nightly puke & trucks
remembered sound on turnpikes
outside motel beds

AGAIN i dreamt your image
back & haunches moving away
TEASINGLY & typically ONIRIC
my mouth OPEN no sound
to CALL you again

my SIREN power gone?

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Claudia Lapp

i would like to recall
some beautiful dream
with a dominant color
an evocative image.
the best i can do is:
it is before a journey.
at a crossroads
in green flat fields
a filling station minus pump,
inside, 21st century cold,
library with no books visible.
in black leather jacket, you
come to continue our journey

from THE COSMIC HOOKER

i met my friend, she told me:
i dreamt of things to come
running down the hall,
getting there too late
leaving my body & feeling
hands pulling me into sky.
i dreamt a poem &
wrote it as it came.
dreamt an azure wedge
glowing round triangle core —
my arms curved out
to enclose its brightness

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ROULETTE

Placing me between your legs
my coolness pleased you.
You liked me because I was dark
and dangerous.

With an alchemist's mind
you studied calenders
and cycles
distrusting everything.
Contraception was against you
you were cetain that some mad scientists
were conspiring to fatten your legs
and give you headaches.

This was your passion.
The thrill of danger excited you
(danger is always a stimulant.)
I could see that you were enjoying it.

As for me
I was like a gun
And as all objects try to please their masters
I did my best to satisfy.

Peter Kaye

If I stood in front of an orchestra
and moved my hands
there would be no music.

I would shout
and say to them
"Follow my hands!"

But they would only go on playing
the sound
of tuning instruments.

Peter Kaye

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

Entre Acte

Breathing
silence
in the late hours.
Bodies resting from the struggle
having wrestled from themselves another image.

Remembering the cooing moans
of effortless love making
relaxing
drifting in the waters
where only minds bathe.

Free of the rhythm
the persistent continuo of life
in the silence
in the distance
a man is born!
a man is born!
screaming in the night!

Peter Kaye

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naked in innocence
you gaze skyward so that

your throat warm & vulnerable,
offers itself to a stranger and

sure enough
I cradle you like a machine gun

applying pressure
I mow down everyone
& along all the unsuspecting streets of your throat
blood flows

gone berserk most gently
my fingers stroll down arteries /
examining corpses until from the sky
your eyes return to mine and make me safe

andre farkas
aug/75

the sign says
nothing
& I misread it as

gone finishing

andre farkas
sept 75

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

Picard's Pond

We made love near Picard's pond
the tall grass tickling your ass
the mosquitoes biying mine
and the dogs
sniffing our thighs

they wanted to know what we were burying

I ran naked
after having made love
in the tall grass
leaping, arms flapping
I zigzagged across the field
my limp prick & balls
brushing against the bushes
collecting a boquet of burrs for you

you sat up
after having had love to make
following my run with satisfied eyes/
you laughing from the distance
with a steady strength that
comes from being home

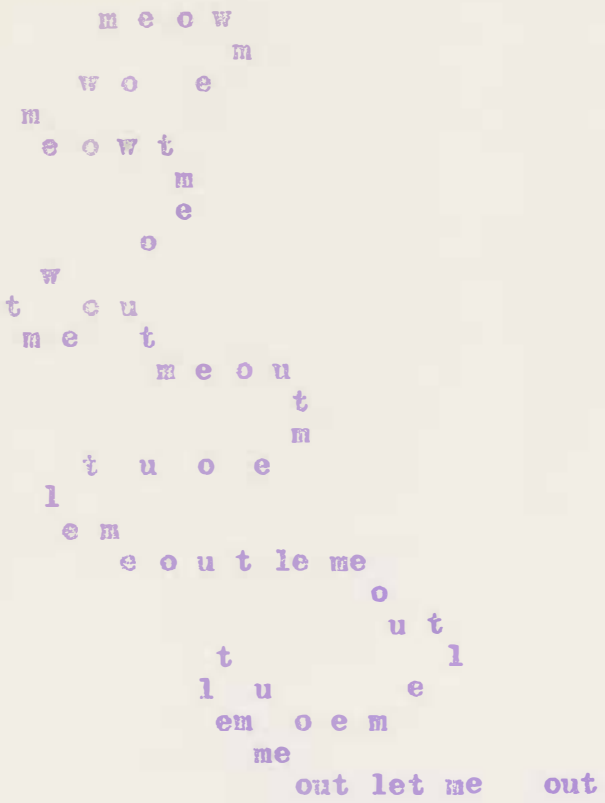
andre farkas

as the breath is the journey
I move
& it is imperceptible as
is the breath just breathed in
and out

andre farkas
aug/75

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

THE CAT'S MEOW



andre farkas

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

TOM KONYVES

POEM IN 8½ BY 11

I surrender the passion
of October-fest
in practice
the malpractice
of anapest.

Dada sits on rhyme
depresses the letters h & m.
In practice
the malpractice
of blasphemy.

The residence of the Eternals has been
revealed to me as 4114 Colonial Street. I am
the errand boy of the gods, now.
Tomorrow chickens fly from coops on film scratched
dated 1971.

Perennial flowers.
I keep repeating myself. Perennial flowers.
Perennial flowers.

CLAUDIA LAPP

8½ by 11's like a condemnation
to teach cegep forever
like a 9-5 job
or a day without coffee
so i decided
this 8½ by 11 wouldn't get my goat

8½ by 11 is a foreign country
everyone wears size 8½ by 11
& speaks 8½ by 11ese
the food is all 8½ by 11
& ya can't get a full course meal
& when you feel, you squeal

8½ by 11

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

ANDRE FARKAS

A POEM ON 8½ BY 11

the white one is from
THE INTIMATE ROOM
701 7th Ave & 47th St.
where
girls of all nationalities
NOW $10 and the promise of
NO OTHER CHARGES
WHAT SO EVER
(open 11 am-12 pm
except Friday and
Saturday till 1 am)

& a picture 1 3/4 by 4½
of a naked girl no more than 19
with big eyes & ample tits (maybe a 36)
upturned
and in front of her pussy
is an art book, those 12 by 9 kind

and if you look close enough
you can make out its title
POMPEII

the pink one is from
THE PLEASURE SEEKERS CLUB
300 W. 45th St. & 8th Ave.
where
fabulous girls
one flight up/compare &
save
$8.00
NO EXTRAS/NO MAS CARGOS

& a picture
of a naked girl
posing sideways/one knee on a chair
hair in that pixie tangle way
her tits & cunt cheaply
felt-penned out

each pussy flyer
is 4¼ by 5½
and promises air conditioning.

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

KEN NORRIS

POEM ON AN 8½ BY 11

In the beginning was the Word
and the Word was

In the beginning were the Words
and the Words were

Hey Man
Don't fuck around
With my sanctity

In the beginning was the Verb
and the Verb was

Active

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

ARTIE GOLD

nov. 5
the Word

Poem on An 8&½ by 11

Well I am fifth, so I am last. What I say is the last thing. Effects & Affects. After me / silence. The absolute deluge. We were the five of us, just the otherweek by way of planning, all passing around this notebook of Claudia's, each person: was next; everyone added our two cents went around two tables drawn together, 10 cents at-a-time. twice around we flew, then I grew bored, this exchange, this furthering I said:- "The End" then I wrote, in brackets, 'last line /by Artie' what a ham yelled the other four / yes, thought I, but / what'an unconscious one'. as quiet as a poem is, thinking is also, needs no exclamations. leaves no details unturned-over, for, thinking never stops. blank pages can never be filled to calm the terror of the heart produced just by being projected bodily over them. the eye drags, and then the arm writes, writing, enjoins the mind, the heart the whole man goes out & runs. Oh I could say so much more, but, :back to the group
or rather, back to what we
were doing, being apart, yes,
but being
apart-together. Is the business of the individual to each who is among a group, separately rise above it, yes, let us tower, conjoin our separate erections of the spirit, making an unbreakable parable in
5 by 1

for 5by 1
is what is done by 5
doing
each, the anything by something else
a fifth. each 8&½ by 11).
.(actual end) .

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

TOAKA

It's 7:00 A.M.
end disaster

as they say that
dreams don't lie

a panther climbs
the arc of my piss

we've got 15 minutes
maximum

dreams bliss
death's kiss
& mutton fuck

all weather
wear feather

so ring the chimes
& close the blinds

let us leave or
kiss behinds

when the poem dies
bury it deep

the end
(last line by
Artie!)

oct 26/75

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